



CANADA

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POEMS  
ON THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

—BY—  
D. H. WATT, LL.B.

*Barrister-at-Law.*

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# The Slogan of Clarke Wallace :

"I'LL NEVER BE A SLAVE!"

*Being the Protest of the Honorable (N.) Clarke Wallace, supposed to have been spoken by him to the Honorable Sir McKenzie Bowell, Prime Minister of Canada, on the 11th day of December, 1895, in the Parliament buildings at Ottawa, immediately before he tendered his resignation from the Bowell Ministry on account of his opposition to the forcing of Roman Catholic Separate Schools on the Province of Manitoba by the Cabinet of Sir McKenzie Bowell and the Parliament of Canada, at the request of Bishop Langevin and other Roman Catholics, against the will of the Legislature and People of that Province, which, before the Judicial Committee in England, had established its legal right to abolish Roman Catholic Separate Schools.*

— — —  
By D. H. WATT.  
— — —

1



NCE more again shall I be told  
That we must be the tools  
Of Langevin (*Liang-zhe-vang*), a Bishop bold,  
Who calls for Cath'lic schools.  
And is his plot by you endorsed  
With foresight and with skill,  
On Manitoba to be forced  
Against her people's will ?

2

Do you behold these Frankish ranks,  
With all their zeal and zest,  
Would build on the Saint Lawrence banks  
And still extend it west,  
A nation of their race and creed,  
That looks alone to Rome,  
And lightly love the Lamps that lead  
Our Motherland at home ?

## 3

Behold, this Bishop has decreed  
Within this plot to trace  
A nation of another creed  
There to supplant thy race,  
Will you discard, at the last niche,  
Thou leader of our State,  
That blood-bought pure Religion which  
Makes Old Britannia great.

## 4

Or shall you, as an Orangeman,  
With me oppose him now,  
Or shall you aid him in his Plan  
Beneath the Bishop's bow?  
Have you now weighed the debt indeed  
You owe an orange nurse,  
The Lodges lent you power to lead,  
So you return a curse.

## 5

And from their fold have you now strayed,  
Become a godless Goat,  
That hopes through schools and other aid  
To bribe the Cath'lic vote,  
In the elections which will come  
At some no distant hour,  
When Bishops with a Roman drum  
Will then renew thy power.

## 6

Is this the price now to be paid  
That you these schools shall give,  
And then as Premier still arrayed  
For five more years shall live  
At Ottawa, where power unsung  
Our statesmen now abuse,  
And yet are praised with lavish tongue  
By Birmingham and Hughes.

7

But, hark ! I hear the Roman drum,  
And loud their trump does blow ;  
Will you, then, shout, when that they come  
To that bold Bishop, No ?  
Or will you follow Roman rules,  
Give what they call redress,  
And grant them Roman Cath'lic schools ?  
Your silence—sounds like Yes ?

8

So Sep'rate Schools this Bishop's hand  
Shall through your Cab'net force  
On Manitoba's maiden land.  
What now shall be my course ?  
Shall I remain ? In it be dumb ?  
From me shall manhood fly ?  
The Bishop beats a warlike drum ;  
I'll raise my battle-cry.

9

The Slogan still of Wallace is :  
" I'll never be a slave ;"  
My loyal heart was never his,  
I'll never be a knave.  
No Popish power or princely post  
Shall sway my loyal heart ;  
My principles shall be my boast ;  
From them I'll ne'er depart.

10

The Bishop has begun the war  
'Gainst Maditoba's right.  
I too shall mount a flaming car  
And meet him in the fight ;  
And if I fall, I'll not regret,  
My eyes shall face the foe ;  
My humble heart shall not forget  
The duties which I owe.

## 11

Myself, the Empire, and that Lord  
Who reigns on earth and sky,  
If Bishops will provoke the sword,  
I'll raise my battle-cry.  
To arms ! To arms ! ye Orange men,  
And all who love our State ;  
Your freedom is in danger when  
A Bishop guards the gate !

## 12

You bid me follow him who leads  
Until the race be run,  
And finish up the daring deeds  
The Bishop has begun.  
I'll not obey the Bishop's brow  
Though he may be divine ;  
I'll break no principle or vow—  
I rather would resign.

## 13

In office I have served you well,  
Perhaps too long a time,  
If you your Principles will sell  
Or perpetrate a crime,  
When you enslave the Saxon race,  
Or to these Bishops cower,  
That you may hold your lofty place  
And thus abuse thy power.

## 14

So here's my Resignation, Sir.  
I shall no longer stay ;  
My principles I shall bestir,  
Get ready for the fray.  
I love the Orange Rules and Laws,  
Their precepts I pursue ;  
And to my faith and country's cause  
My conscience shall be true.



15

For what is right should be the rule  
In this Canadian land;  
No statesman now should be the tool  
In this bold Bishop's hand,  
To bring in laws that will enslave  
The people as a horde,  
Or rouse their ire, to make them brave  
To clutch a patriot's sword.

16

You may want peace, you may be proud,  
Indeed, you may be great—  
The only man with gifts endowed  
To rule this noble State.  
You may be strong and need no aid  
From Roman Cath'lic rules;  
And yet on Manitoba's maid  
You'd force these Sep'rate Schools,

17

To grant these schools I'll ne'er consent,  
Be bribed by office spoils;  
From what is right I'll ne'er be rent  
Or woven in the toils  
Of waifs who still in office wait  
To play the part of knave,  
Though Roman Bishops rule the State  
I will not be a slave.

18

From Ottawa I'll quickly bound,  
Free from the galling chain  
That Roman Bishops weave around  
The statesmen that remain,  
Once more, again I cry aloud,  
Let Protestants be brave,  
For Queen and Country now be proud,  
But never be a siave.

## 19

Good-bye, old friend, the office fruit  
May charm your cheerful mind ;  
You may soon change your Orange suit—  
The Bishops' hands are kind.  
They'll lead you on as they've begun  
So long as you obey ;  
But when you have their work well done  
They'll vote for Laurier (*Lau-ri-ajj*).

## 20

'Tis sweet to sway the stately powers  
And live in princely place ;  
And statesmen in official bowers  
Might grandest glory trace.  
If Truth and Justice led their ken,  
Or fired them to be brave,  
No tongue need raise the Slogan then,—  
I'll never be a slave.



# The Manitoba Plum ;

OR,

## THE BIDDING OF THE BISHOPS.

*Being the Reply supposed to have been spoken by the Honorable Sir McKenzie Bowell to the Honorable N. Clarke Wallace immediately after the latter had tendered his Resignation, in the Parliament House at Ottawa,*

1

O your rousing Resignation, Sir,  
Is a thing now of the past ;  
I regret you frowned on Frenchmen,  
But they're glad you've gone at last.  
So to soar like yourself I'll boldly mount  
On an Orange Lily wing ;  
And unmask the mystic reason  
Why with Langevin I sing.

CHORUS.

At the bidding of the Bishop here,  
We eat all fruits that come,  
But I think he's bound to burst me  
With this Manitoba Plum.

2

So I sing I am in office now,  
From Hastings here I came,  
There among its loyal lodges  
I unearthed such Orange fame,  
That they soon sent myself to Parliament,  
And made me a raw recruit  
In a Royal Roman Regiment  
Where they eat forbidden fruit.

Chorus:

## 3

But though oft I eat this foreign fruit,  
I still feel its vile effect ;  
And I wonder if the Saxon  
Will at last by it be wrecked,  
For to Rome we so often sell our rights  
For the fruits which Bishops bring,  
That I dreamt we lost our Freedom,  
When with Bishops we would sing—

Chorus.

## 4

In the west our trend the Bishop sees  
So he plots at any cost  
To restrain the onward Saxon,  
And regain what Frenchmen lost.  
Where the sword has oft failed the Church succeeds  
Through the fruits that Bishops bring  
To debase the onward Saxon,  
And make him a slave to sing :

Chorus.

## 5

For this Plum now cries, if a Plum can speak,  
" To your swords from sea to sea ! "  
And demands from each Canadian :  
" Shall our Provinces be free ? "  
To repeal or to pass such rightful laws  
As fair truth and honor bring,  
Or be ruled by Roman Bishops  
That would teach your tongue to sing :

Chorus.

## 6

For the Bishop seeks for Sep'rate Schools  
With his Jesuitical skill,  
To be forced on Manitoba,  
There against her people's will,  
By our Orange-green gods in Parliament,  
Where the Bishop rules as king,  
Like a Daring, Dreaming Despot,  
Bids me and my Cabinet sing.

Chorus.

7

For he dreams if he can teach the youth  
In his Roman Cath'lic School  
To abhor the British Bulwarks  
His own race may rise to rule.  
So by luring the Saxon from his guard,  
By the fruits the Bishops bring,  
They now slowly slay the Saxon  
Through our statesmen who now sing:

Chorus.

8

Hence this wide-expanding Plum now springs  
From an old Franconian scheme,  
To erect a Frankish nation,  
And to realize their dream  
In the Province of Manitoba, that  
Has defied this Roman ring,  
And now boldly curbs this Bishop  
That would teach her tongue to sing.

Chorus.

9

But that State, like Rome in her ancient days,  
Ne'er relies on foreign fools;  
For through sires in Council sitting  
She abolished Sep'rate Schools;  
But in court, like wild wolves the Bishops fought  
Back again these schools to bring;  
But in triumph still she's boasting,  
Manitoba shall never sing:

Chorus.

10

But the Maid that checks a Bishop's cheek,  
And declines fair foreign fools,  
But accepts her sires in counsel  
As the only power that rules,  
Must be true to the trend of Sacred Truth  
And the race from which we spring,  
Well deserves the praise of angels,  
Not the stuff which statesmen sing.

Chorus.

## 11

But the Bishops, beaten at Winnipeg,  
Are not left without resource,  
They will live through Ottawa's larder,  
Whose lambs fear their fiendish force;  
For the souls of the voters they hold in their hand  
Like a stone in David's sling,  
And though I'm great as Goliath,  
I must either die or sing :

Chorus.

## 12

For this House is not like Winnipeg's,  
Where strong Saxon sires now lead,  
But the souls of Ottawa statesmen  
Are imbued with another creed,  
For the tramp of old Rome in her darkest days  
Is the tread of all this Ring,  
Who here win a hell or a heaven  
Just according as they sing :

Chorus.

## 13

For we know when here a Bishop blows  
Men behold his god-like power,  
For at will he moulds with greatest ease  
A good statesman in an hour.  
For he'll place him upon the polling-booth,  
A big storm before him bring,  
And a statesman with no talent  
Will at once be taught to sing :

Chorus.

## 14

And it matters not if men are made  
By Dame Nature moss uncouth,  
Like angels bright they'll warble  
When they're placed on a polling-booth ;  
And 'tis better still if they have no brains,  
And if green the fruit they bring ;  
Then the Bishop's tongue will whisper  
" Boobies make the best birds to sing :

Chorus.

15

Here the greater minds will find no fame,  
For the Bishops them despise,  
And the men of noblest talents  
~~In this House can never rise;~~  
When the State and the Church do here combine  
Through the bribes that the Bishops bring,  
They destroy the moral standing  
Of all statesmen who here sing:

Chorus.

16

Here the purest principles must bend;  
Let our politicians read,  
That unnatural combinations  
Give the wicked power to lead,  
From the tread of the traitors' truckling tram;  
An Italian curse shall spring,  
When the loyal "Onward Saxon"  
Hears McKenzie, Bowell sing:

Chorus.

17

Shall this curse now come, and something sighs,  
Do not grant these Separate Schools;  
To exalt a Roman Bishop  
O'er the Saxon who now rules;  
Then on right and on left I see a storm,  
To our office we would cling;  
But we hear the Bishop growling—  
"You must either quit or sing:"

Chorus.

18

For the Bishops, beaten in the Courts,  
To my Cab'net at last retreat,  
And demand with adulation  
These same Schools or my defeat.  
And in Parliament they now hold the key  
Which unlocks the Roman Ring,  
When we hear the Bishop growling,  
Then the Roman soldiers sing:

Chorus.

## 19

When the Bishop growled wild whirlpools rose  
 Close before my ship of state,  
 And I heard the deadly thunders roar,  
 So I cried, " Bold Bishop, wait !  
 And now hold thy brave breath, and to that pool  
 My frail bark no nearer bring ;  
 I'm an Orange Anglo-Saxon,  
 And for Rome I dare not sing : "

Chorus.

## 20

But disunion seized my Cab'net crew,  
 So in warring groups they form ;  
 And then blacker grew the billows,  
 And still higher howled the storm,  
 For upon me next came the Orange call,  
 Far above the Roman ring ;  
 Yet this smiling, smooth-tongued Bishop  
 Cried out, " Captain Bowell, sing : "

Chorus.

## 21

First among the warring, growling groups,  
 Both Caron and Ouimet left,  
 With my noble friend, great Angers,  
 Who is from my Cab'net cleft.  
 And they howled that they would the hierarchy  
 Down upon my Cab'net bring,  
 And would break McKenzie Bowell,  
 Who had then refused to sing :

Chorus.

## 22

O'erwhelmed in this dilemma, sir,  
 I did then the past review,  
 And I saw the Orange Order  
 Did demand that I be true ;  
 But for fear " the Old Flag " might soon be soiled  
 If a Frenchmen led the Ring,  
 I then promised these deserters  
 That I would consent to sing :

Chorus.



23

But at my delay the Bishops fumed ;  
" The Old Flag " was in a fix,  
So I promised legislation,  
But not till Ninety-six.  
Then at once the two great deserting Chiefs  
Came back here on a Bishop's wing,  
And with merry-making music  
Here again we all did sing :

Chorus.

24

Then a blissful breeze did surge our sail,  
Though some sullen sounds did growl,  
Till we neared the close of Ninety-  
Five, when Orange winds did howl,  
" Let no false legislation come to aid  
This Franconian Cath'lic Ring,  
Which would force that Manitoba Maid  
With a Bishop there to sing :

Chorus.

25

Here again the Bishop blows his breath ;  
I see two whirling pools,  
And above the Roman one is writ :  
" Bowell's Death or Sep'rate Schools."  
But my office I love, and I would live,  
If new power to me they bring,  
As an Orange Anglo-Saxon  
With the Bishops I will sing :

Chorus.

26

But brave Wallace now deserts his chief,  
So regardless of my fate,  
As to fight for Manitoba,  
And against our ship of state,  
And against this great Remedial law  
Which I promised I would bring,  
And against this blissful Bishop  
That would teach his tongue to sing.

Chorus.

## 27

And above the Wallace Slogan rings  
That loud, mighty man in law,  
Whose devouring declamation  
Overpowers my heart with awe.  
For the moment I hear McCarthy speak  
My own death-knell seems to ring  
Through his scathing scorching censure  
Of those Protestants who sing.

Chorus.

## 28

Here amid this howling blizzard blast  
Of men of many views,  
"The Old Flag" still finds a Champion  
In a Birmingham or Hughes,  
Who now bids me unfold to Orange men,  
On a pure poetic wing,  
The other loves that lead me  
With this Langevin to sing.

Chorus.

## 29

So I'll tell the Orange Brotherhood,  
That I hate the power of pelf,  
But I boast I served the Order  
Every time I helped myself;  
For I never forgot my Orange Friends,  
But rich gifts I would them bring,  
Though I sacrificed my conscience  
When with Bishops I would sing.

Chorus.

## 30

High above the Bishops' houndish howl  
Shall I feel the Orange frown,  
And in dark and deep disaster  
Shall my gallant bark go down?  
Or now like that Caron and Ouimet bold,  
Shall brave Orangemen me bring,  
All the aid of all the Order,  
While with Langevin I sing?

Chorus.

31

Let the Orangemen of Canada  
Now, before the Order drifts,  
Think of all the thousand favors,  
And the great unnumbered gifts,  
Which my hand to the Orange brotherhood  
By its faithfulness did bring;  
Though I sacrificed my freedom,  
When with Bishops I did sing.

Chorus.

32

For when first I went to Ottawa,  
I at once began to think,  
That if there I would be useful,  
I must with the Bishops wink,  
And then quick all the Roman Hierarchy,  
Did fair favors fondly bring;  
And it pays poor politicians  
With the Bishops there to sing.

Chorus.

33

In this Parli'ment of Canada,  
I have risen to be great,  
By the aid of Orange lodges,  
And the cruel hand of fate.  
That from earth bore away John Thompson's flame,  
Whose great success in truth did spring  
From the use he made of these Bishops,  
So for Langevin I'll sing.

Chorus.

34

He now asks me as Prime Minister,  
Here to pass remedial law,  
To degrade the noble Greenway,  
Whose brave heart ne'er bends in awe.  
But the Saxons shall see that my tread is true,  
And although a craven thing,  
I request their admiration  
While with Langevin I sing.

Chorus.

## 35

So I tell the Orange Order now,  
That no one need be afraid,  
That this promised legislation  
Will bring Roman Cath'lics aid,  
For the promised Remedial Order will  
To themselves no succor bring,  
I'll outwit the Roman Bishop,  
When with Langevin I sing.

Chorus.

## 36

Hence I ask my Orange brethren here,  
All the Loyal and the True,  
With McCarthy and Clarke Wallace  
They have nothing more to do.  
But come rally around that standard now,  
That to you does favors bring.  
In their place I'll keep the Catholics,  
While with Bishops I do sing.

Chorus.

## 37

But unless the Orange brotherhood  
Shall assist my broken barge,  
I'll be forced to quit the vessel,  
And let Laurier take charge,  
With McShane and young Stubbs, two grumbling  
Grits,  
Who will join the Romish ring,  
And will think that they are favored  
When, with Bishops they can sing.

Chorus.

## 38

Then the boodling business all will stop,  
For he'll strictly guide the State,  
And you need not look for boodle,  
When Tarte guards the golden gate,

For he hates all the Orange Order here;  
And at thieves will take his fling ;  
And with Manitoba Martin,  
For the Bishop he will sing.

Chorus—At the bidding of the Bishops here  
We eat all fruits that come,  
But we've bursted Bröther Bowell  
With the Manitoba Plum.

39

And that Greenway who does now oppose,  
Will then turn to Roman rules,  
And in lordly Manitoba  
Will erect new Sep'rate Schools.  
Then to aid his Grit friends at Ottawa,  
He will court the Roman ring,  
And will sweep along in splendor,  
When I am forced to sing.

Chorus—At the bidding of the Bishops here  
We eat all fruits that come,  
But we've bursted Brother Bowell  
With this Manitoba Plum.

40

At my singing you may now feel sore,  
And be driven to your wits,  
But the Manitoba Bishop  
Will get far more from the Grits,  
Than what through this legislation now  
I would then to Cathlics bring,  
For I do not love their tactics,  
Though I now with the Bishop sing.

Chorus—At the bidding of the Bishops here  
We eat all fruits that come,  
But I think they're bound to burst me  
With this Manitoba Plum.




# The Slogan of McCarthy ;

"CANADIANS SHALL BE FREE!"

*Being Dalton McCarthy's supposed Address to Canadians and Appeal to Manitoba, on the eve of her impending elections, now brought on by the Greenway Government, to test the present feeling of the people of Manitoba on the School question.*

1


 CANADIAN hills! Canadian rills!  
 Where my young mem'ries dwell,  
 To belted Knight or Bishop wight  
 Thy freedom never sell;  
 Though this I crave, my heart is brave,  
 But yet I dread the Ring,  
 Which Rome now binds on youthful minds,  
 So for the slave I'll sing.

CHORUS.

The slogan of McCarthy  
 Rings loud from sea to sea—  
 The slogan of McCarthy is :  
 "Canadians shall be free!"

2

Free in those lands where toiling hands  
 Are warring in the west,  
 'Gainst Egypt's asp, the Bishop's grasp,  
 Which on their throat is pressed ;  
 Without fierce pain shall it remain  
 Along the trend of time,  
 Or shall at last, when all is past,  
 His grip become a crime ?

Chorus.

## 3

His earthly end is not the trend  
 That Protestants pursue;  
 But through his school he wants to rule  
 The Anglo-Saxon too.  
 For as a dove he does not love  
 Old Luther's sacred lot,  
 And to o'ercome the Orange drum  
 From age to age doth plot.

Chorus.

## 4

And like a fox pursues good Knox,  
 And Latimer the great,  
 And some might burn if Rome return  
 Again to rule the state.  
 For what men preach they too shall teach  
 And mould the young through time,  
 To be a brood of all that's good,  
 Or else a source of crime.

Chorus.

## 5

Let us contrast what lately passed  
 In Rome's Italian land,  
 Which Bishops wrecked till they were checked  
 By Garibaldi's band.  
 If Rome be good without base brood,  
 Why did the bad prevail?  
 Why did the priest with bishop feast  
 While patriots wept in gaol?

Chorus.

## 6

Let Romans read; it's not their creed  
 That Protestants detest;  
 They'll not besmirch the Roman church  
 If Rome herself will rest.  
 Rome might be good, without base brood,  
 For crimes need not atone,  
 If she would reap where sinners weep,  
 And leave the State alone.

Chorus.



7

The Frankish race none would disgrace  
If Rome herself would cease,  
Then old and young of ev'ry tongue  
Would live in perfect peace.  
And all our youth could search for truth  
In one wide common school;  
But, lo! a storm the Bishops form—  
Demand the right to rule.

Chorus.

8

Once more again along the plain,  
Thou Manitoba, speak,  
And let thine ire and battle fire  
Around the Bishop reek.  
Still let thy rule still guard thy school,  
Gird on thy sacred sword,  
And in the fight slay belted Knight,  
And Langevin his Lord.

Chorus.

